Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for she was borne at Sea) I have named so,
Here, I charge your charitie with all ; leaving her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to give her
Princely training, that she may be manned as she is borne.

Cleon. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne ; for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall upon you, must in your child
Be thought on, if neglect should therein make me vile,
The common body by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my duty : but if to that,
My nature neede a spurre, the Gods revenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleeve you, your honour and your goodnesse,
Teach me toot without your vowes, till she be married,
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unsisterd shall this heire of mine remaine,
Though I shew will in't ; so I take my leave :
Good Madame, make me blessed, in your care
In bringing up my childe.

Dion. I have one my selfe, who shall not be more deere to my respect then yours, my Lord.

Per. Madame, my thankes and prayers.

Cleon. Wee'l bring your Grace to the edge of the shore, then give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentlest windes of heaven.

Per. I will embrace your offer, come deerest Madame,
O no teares *Lychorida*, no teares, looke too your little Mistres, on whose grace you may depend hereafter : come my Lord.

Enter Cerymon and Thaisa

Cer. Madame, this Letter, and some certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command :
Know you the Character ?

Thai. It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea, I will remember,
even on my learning time : but whether there delivered, by the holy

holy gods, I cannot rightly say : but since King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I neere shall see againe, a vastall livery will I take me to, and never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speake,
Dianaes Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreover if you please, a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thankes, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and setled to his owne desire ;
His woefull Queene we leave at *Ephesus*,
Vnto *Diana* there's a Votarisse.
Now to *Marina* bend your minde,
Whom our fast growing scene must finde
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In musickes letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder : but alacke
That monster Envy oft the wracke
Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Even ripe for marriage sight : this Maid
Hight *Philoten* : and it is said
For certaine in our story, she
Would ever with *Marina* be,
Beet when they weavde the sleded silke,
With fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it, or when too'th Lute
She sung and made the night bed mute,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.19) Octavo